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admission, at \$1.50; Wisconsin mixed, at \$1.45; and Chicago spring, at \$1.37. Corn was steady at 73c. a 74c. for Western mixed, and 78c. for Southern yellow. Prime Northern rye sold at 86c. Pork sold moderately, at \$21 1/2 to \$21 3/4. Sugar was firm, but some low active; sales of about 300 400 hhd. Cuba were made at rates given elsewhere, and 500 cdo. were reported on private terms. Coffee was quiet, but prices were quite steady. Freight was in fair request, at \$4c. a 4 1/2c. for grain to Liverpool, and 2s. for flour. To London flour was engaged at 3s. 1 1/2d. a 3s. 3d., and grain at 11d. per bushel.

The Great Battle.

In every State of the Union, except South Carolina, the American people vote this day for a President and Vice President of the United States. In South Carolina, where the State Legislature does the work, the people are saved the trouble of voting. We have made our telegraphic arrangements, and in the Herald of tomorrow morning we expect to announce the definite general result, in the success or defeat of Buchanan.

The returns from Pennsylvania, which will reach us to-night, will probably settle the question. Within the last two or three days the prospects of the union ticket there have so materially improved as to render it not only possible, but very probable, that it will carry the State. The electors of the outside Fillmore ticket have withdrawn, thus leaving a clear field between the union ticket and the Buchanan ticket. It was this outside Fillmore ticket that rendered the case, in our estimation, utterly hopeless to the opposition as long as this ticket remained in the field. With its removal, all that the opposition have to do is to effect a change of less than two thousand votes in an aggregate of some four hundred and fifty thousand, to carry the State; and this change will very likely be effected in the single county of Lancaster. The usual opposition majority in that county is five thousand. In the late October election it was twenty-two hundred. The loss was the Fillmore vote, which was thrown upon the democratic State ticket, with the view of weakening Fremont in the North, so as to carry the Presidential election up to Congress. Now, these Fillmore Americans have discovered that they can have no hope of carrying the election to the House without defeating Buchanan in Pennsylvania; and they are accordingly assured that Lancaster county this day will roll up her old solid opposition majority of five thousand.

In addition to this, we are assured that there are several thousand Fillmore men in Philadelphia who will also wheel into line, and so, more or less, throughout all the Eastern counties, where the democrats turned up such unexpected majorities in October. In the northern and western counties, on the other hand, where the popularity of Fremont did so much in October, it is natural enough to suppose that it will do still better in November, when the man himself stands at the head of the ticket of his party. Again, the democratic importations of October from New York and New Jersey into Philadelphia and other places in Pennsylvania, will be cut off in this fight; for they will be wanted at home. And yet again, there is a large reserved corps of the good old Quakers and other quiet religious people, who have unexpectedly set aside for a representative whose antecedents have displayed comprehensive energy and sagacity of judgment, indomitable nerve and intemperance of purpose. It was seen that red tape could not much longer hold the Union together, when the constitution and the laws were beaten down in Kansas, and when American liberty was becoming a mockery and a dream. The crisis found its man in Colonel Fremont. His selection was a great impromptu of the people.

The scientific labors of Col. Fremont have been of no ordinary kind, and though common observers have not given them much attention, those, after all, who rule the world and give it fame have studied, appreciated and recorded them. When Mr. Everett, in his splendid address at Albany, paid his eloquent homage, and that of the learned men around him, to the memories of Columbus and Galileo, he was but saying what other equally gifted orators will yet say of Fremont. Possessing characteristics that marked them both, performing the duties of an astronomer, a geologist, a cartographer, a meteorologist, and the leader of a band of devoted followers—opposed by the elements in all their fury, with trunks and packs, in mountain gorges, with snow covered peaks to climb, without food, without shelter, and without rest, with death threatening him at every step, and his own—do the wretched assailants of such a man, think that he will fall beneath their puny blows? Not only has he endured all this for his country, but he has concluded his life for science, by the conquest of the territory he explored, and opened to commerce, industry and to freedom, ports and rivers unsurpassed in excellence—a feat that gives to labor almost every product of the temperate and torrid zones—a State that, with its republican form of government, is our only bulwark of liberty on the Pacific, and with its inexhaustible supplies of gold, regulates for us the balance of the world's exchanges. Is the man who has brought all this about, to be pushed aside by such miserable stipendiaries as now assail his character? Indifferent in our own day have not been entirely indifferent to the value and the effect of such achievements. To name the labors of Humboldt and Arago is but to name the predeceutors of Fremont. Both those eminent Europeans in their scientific researches have endured the greatest trials, but neither, more than he. All have met with some rude adventures for fools; and since, indeed, these belong to and attend the career of all great and remarkable men.

The friends of Fremont, then, whether in this contest they succeed or not, may congratulate themselves on the imperishable benefit of his fame. There will be a niche for him in every temple throughout the world which is dedicated to the memories of the discoverers and founders of States; but for the mere politicians—those who seek power for their personal advantage, and are actuated by no great and lofty sentiments—there is neither shrine nor statue. They fit elsewhere, in the "cross roads of fame," the dust of the miles, which was the breath of their nostrils, becomes their winding sheet and their graves.

MUSICAL ON DUTY.—That there is a hitch in the negotiations between Monsieur le Baron de Stankovitch, the eminent Russian, and the Executive Committee of the Opera. The Executive Committee demand from Monsieur le Baron one thousand dollars per week rent, which he is willing to pay, but there are certain other conditions which are not yet accepted. One of these is, we hear, that the redoubtable Max Maretzky shall have no hand in the matter; and it is stated that a grand council of all the stockholders will be convened and the whole affair laid before them. There will probably be a much difficulty about this snag as the Baron's Russian friends had about that ugly third point at the Vienna Conference. In the meantime, however, there is a musical excitement looking before us. Thalberg, the great pianist, has returned from Niagara, highly delighted with his trip, and just in time to see the excitement of election day. His first concert is announced at Niblo's Saloon on Monday next. M. Thalberg selects this comparatively small hall, in order that every person in the audience may be able to hear and appreciate the delicacy of his artistic touch and perfectly understand his effects. The price of admission, also, is much smaller than that demanded by any artist of M. Thalberg's position—one dollar. We cannot but commend the wisdom of the management, and predict for the artist a splendid success.

RAIN OR SHINE.—The question of the next Presidency, as far as the suffrages of the people are concerned, is to be decided to-day, rain or shine. From the signs of the weather overhead as we write, there is a prospect of a rainy day, and if it should be so, it will be hailed as a good omen by the democracy. It has been well said, that in the business of an important election they will turn out should it "rain meat axes, grindstones and globes of fire;" whereas, with many of the opposition party, a rainy day operates as a perfect damper to their patriotism. We trust, however, that in the matter of the Presidential election to-day, every voter in the United States, rain or shine, whether for Fremont, Buchanan or Fillmore, will come up to the work and do his duty. Especially is it the duty of every Fremont man to swell the popular strength of his candidate, at least by his own vote, rain or shine. No man is sure of another opportunity to vote for a President of the United States, and with the sunset of this day the present golden opportunity, rain or shine, is gone—forever gone.

THE UNION.—Thank God, the Union has survived the terrible ordeal of the disunion democracy. Whoever shall be elected President to-day, the danger to the Union for four years is over. Should Fremont come in by a handsome majority, or by a single electoral vote, there will be no further threats concerning his inauguration. The disunion game is played out—the treasury is safe against highway robbery, and the Union is safe till 1860.

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Colonel Fremont in History.

Whatever may be the result of the present election for President, one thing is certain—that the name of Fremont will be for ever distinguished in our annals. Nothing but an entire change in his future character and conduct can deprive him of the respect of the masses of the American people, or lessen their admiration of his great and brilliant services. His whole career has been marked by eminent ability; the extent of his attainments, his irrepressible devotion to science, the energy of his mind, and the immense value of his discoveries, can never be justly appreciated. They never were, until the shadow of his coming greatness threw into obscurity the small politicians who claim the high honors of the country exclusively as their own. But when these men, and the assailants who have been pushed on by these men—when their very names shall be forgotten—that of Fremont will go down to posterity with accumulating glory. "It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it." And this is not the language of adulation—it is merely the foreshadowing of our future history.

Two remarkable series of events have given Colonel Fremont opportunity on the one hand for the development of his great endowments, and for the generous and timely appreciation of them by his countrymen on the other.

These are what never can occur again together in the career of any other of our public men. It will not happen to any of the class of such as now seek to become the President of the nation, to have discovered, mapped and conquered a new empire, and be the rallying point and ensign bearer of constitutional freedom. His daring, persevering and successful adventures—his gallant conquest of California—the firmness, yet gentleness, of his way while in command—all subordinate, however, to the love of science, and the advancement of the good of his country—have already found eulogists in every part of the world, in every hall of learning, in every commercial city. They drew from his own countrymen their early admiration, and have fixed their continued regard. From the very politicians who have since fastened upon him to destroy him, have come unsought acknowledgments and honors, which they cannot take back.

His sudden rise in political life is truly remarkable. Trained and directed office-seekers, who are always ready for inventions and nominations—able, by prescription, deem themselves capable of governing this country—have been unexpectedly set aside for a representative whose antecedents have displayed comprehensive energy and sagacity of judgment, indomitable nerve and intemperance of purpose. It was seen that red tape could not much longer hold the Union together, when the constitution and the laws were beaten down in Kansas, and when American liberty was becoming a mockery and a dream. The crisis found its man in Colonel Fremont. His selection was a great impromptu of the people.

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The Blackguardism of New York Politics.

It has often been said, at our elections, that the force of scurrility and blackguardism could no farther go; but this fall, we think, the politicians have outdone themselves. Most assuredly never was a canvass conducted with more reckless brutality, or more complete disregard of the decencies of life.

Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, in undertaking to justify the character of Cleon, the great Athenian democrat, attempts us to believe that the virulence of "language with which he assailed his political opponents Nicias and Pericles was a well known feature of the society in which he lived, and nowhere peculiar to the tanner himself." He quotes Cleon's great enemy, Aristophanes, to prove that it was usual at Athens for politicians to abuse each other heartily, and accuse each other of the most heinous crimes; but, as the honest lover and enthusiast of the Athenian democracy, he charges himself with the duty of showing that this excessive virulence and recklessness of party strife were not, as might be supposed, symptoms of a low state of society, but were relics of a rude stage of civilization that was rapidly passing away.

We fear that if Mr. Grote had had as much experience of American as he has had of English politics, he would have felt it less hard upon him to frame excuses for the foul-mouthed orators of the Payx. For, certainly, Cleon himself would have seemed a model of gentleness and dignity in comparison with some of the speakers who have flourished in the present canvass. The bitterest sarcasms of the Athenian comedies read tamely after the highly spiced abuse of our party political press. They were content with a warm like that of good Madeira; we use the overproof whiskey.

Take for instance the speeches that have been delivered, and the articles that have been written, in reference to Fernando Wood's candidature for Mayor. Why, if the man had been caught in the act of picking pockets, or burning churches, or committing half a dozen murders, he could not be abused in more savage language. Here is the Hon. John McKean, no less a personage than the United States District Attorney, who gets up in public, and talks about "only alluding to such of the Mayor's offences as are felonies punishable with State prison;" "his resemblance to Huntingdon, the forger;" "his base, black frauds;" and so on, as though really Mr. Wood had just escaped from or was on his way to Sing Sing. Equally violent language has abounded in papers that desire to defeat Wood and elect some candidate of their own choosing. Another prominent character, ex-Judge Whiting, who had had the advantage of sitting on the Supreme Court Bench, black-guarded, in his theatrical speeches, not only his rivals for the Mayoralty, but all who did not happen to think that he himself was the best man for the office. Black-guardism then with coarse, savage language, such as the ruffians of the Five Points use, and no other class of society. Yet his audience sat still and listened.

We have seen the same spectacle in the national contest. We have heard United States Senators, Congressmen, and the leading men of the South, justify, in the most unbecoming manner, the assault of Brooks on Senator Sumner—a deed of which a nation of cannibals might blush. We have heard the whole North abused with the ferocity of wild beasts, and its leading men howled at and hunted upon—as visitors sometimes are when they venture inside the violent words of insane asylums. And this, not by the mobs of the Southern cities, but by Governors of States, rising politicians, leading editors, members of Congress. Col. Forney, the right-hand man of Mr. Buchanan, announces that his friends will be in blood to their saddles girths rather than lose Kansas; Col. Brooks declares that he will march on Washington and seize the archives and the public money. If his candidate is defeated. Meanwhile, a round, but chiefly among the partisans of Mr. Fillmore, Colonel Fremont has been assailed with unexampled malignity. We verily believe that, in the whole course of free elections, there can be nothing found to equal the wickedness and the falsehood and the malignity and the meanness and the villany of the Fremont since his nomination.

What the result of this shameful war may ultimately prove, it were hard to say; assuredly, it operates just now to keep respectable men from the polls.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS FOR THE CITY.—It is a singular fact that this great metropolis has recently been represented in the Congress of the nation by some of the worst and meanest specimens of humanity that could be drawn from the lowest strata in the different districts. For the past twenty-five years we have been digging down through the political strata till we have come to the lowest ledge, and now it seems almost impossible for us to take an upward turn. On looking over the lists of the candidates presented for popular support to-day, we find a heap of rubbish, put forward by rubbish conventions, and generally not fit for the support of any Christian man. There are still, however, some good names; but among the eighteen or twenty candidates before the people there are hardly more than three or four who are worth notice, or any effort to elect them. Without any regard to their party affinities, and having in view only their own merits, we should select Horace F. Clark, in the Eighth district; John Cochrane, in the Sixth, and George Briggs, in the Seventh. These, with one or two others, form the only exceptions to the great mass of trash hardly above the average of small potato ward politicians.

Mr. Clark has been nominated by the democracy. We don't consider it any particular advantage to have been nominated by the democracy. The democracy is made up of good and evil, with a pretty large slice of the evil preponderating. Mr. Clark, however, is an able, independent, talented man, and will be voted for without regard to his political affinities. The only thing that we know against him is that he joined the confederation of blackguards; for we cannot call them anything else—who have been hunting Fernando Wood as if he was a royal Bengal tiger in the democratic jungle. We learn, however, that Mr. Clark has now come out from this faction, and heartily supports Mr. Wood.

Then there is John Cochrane, who is almost as well known as John Van Buren. Cochrane is more consistent than Van Buren, and has more stuff in him. John has a good deal of wit and humor when he is so minded, but of late he has been rather somber and tragical. John is a capable, clever, industrious man, and the only objection to him was his connection with the Libby movement. He has, however, come out from it—shaken the dust off his feet, cleansed his garments, and now stands right. He is an able man, and will make a good member of Congress. Mr. George Briggs has been in Congress. He was a hard working good member, and deserves

to go again. As to Mr. Daniel E. Sickles—since our favorite, General Walbridge, walked off the course to seek fatter pastures than are afforded by a seat in Congress—we have no particular objection to see Sickles elected, and if he is successful we will give him a fair chance to show his speed and bottom as a member of Congress.

As for the other candidates, they are hardly worth mentioning. We really don't care what the voters do with them. They may, if they like, salt them down, pack them in pork barrels, and send them to Nicaragua as food for the patriots.

THE MAYORALTY.—The first thing that every voter should do this morning after eating his breakfast and kissing the baby—no, he won't have time to kiss the baby—is to go straight to the polling place and deposit his vote for Fernando Wood. He is the only man among the whole lot of candidates worth the trouble of crossing the street to vote for. He is the only man who has the pluck and courage to be the Mayor in reality, and give us something like a government in spite of the ridiculous and absurd charter under which we live. The candidates against him are a highly respectable auctioneer, but entirely unsuited for the office of Mayor. Mr. Barker is an amiable man—says his prayers regularly at church, but is a perfect nincompoop. Mr.